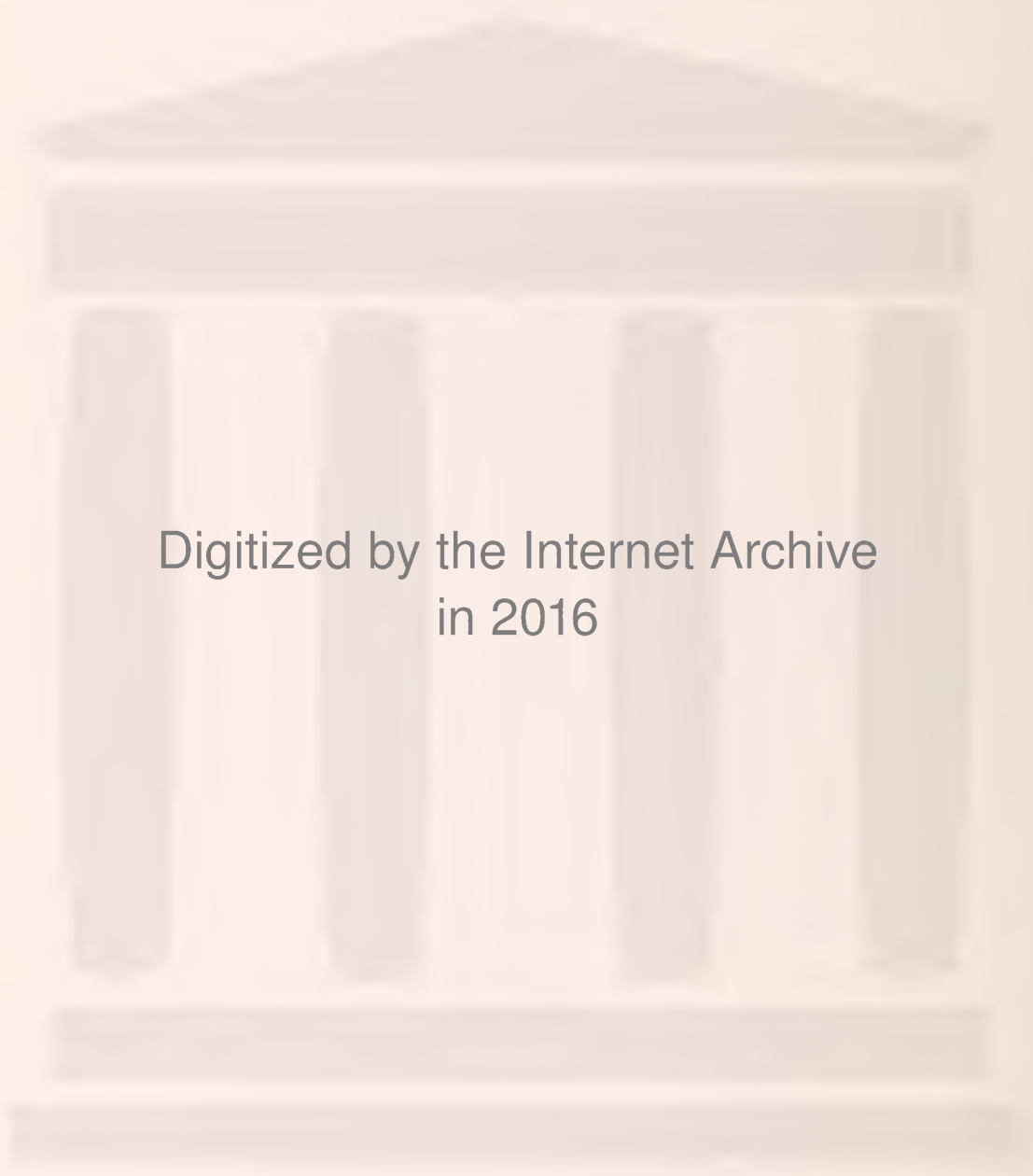






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# *Paisley*

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Light from the window poured over the kitchen table and the two application forms. Arnold and Avis sat across from each other. Their faces were split; one half lit by the sun, the other half in kitchen shadows. Their pens darted from mouth to paper, in and out of the sun. They offered dates, names, clubs---clues as to the parameters of their lives. They were amused by the activity---confident in the knowledge that the completed forms offered only faint footprints to the edge of their forest, a light and airy forest, a forest graduate admission boards could never enter. Avis leaned over her application to let the front locks of her blonde hair sweep onto Arnold's paper. He continued printing until his mother's maiden name was crisscrossed by the splayed, gold strands. Arnold didn't look up; he finished his application. Avis concluded hers with the fanciest signature she could create---the letters of her first name swaying in to flirt with each other, then quickly curving away.

They leaned back, resting uneasily on two chair legs. Avis yawned---it was the third hour of work. She closed her yawn and her face turned up to a smile and blush. It was the intensity with which Arnold's eyes traced the softness of her face.

"C'mon Arnie, what are we going to do with these applications?" She spoke in soft tones. Arnold let his chair move down, but then he leaned back.

"If we don't want to go, why send them?" She continued.

"Well, we should send them just to keep the possibility open," he answered.

"I guess that's a good idea," she said as both chairs came forward. Perhaps from the weight of the decision. Avis moved forward, opening her brown eyes wide, and kissing his lips to say "thank you for making that decision." Arnold took the kiss casually, standing quickly and walking tall into the living room to say "nothing dear, nothing at all." Avis followed; the little bit of kitchen air not exhausted from their work was consumed in the decision.

She joined him on the rug where he sat

crosslegged. Avis sat opposite him, her knees touching his. Because the blue rug's thickness was worn in the middle, they were forced to a corner of the room. The couch was useless since it left them side by side, looking straight ahead. Avis had spent most of her four college years here in Arnold's apartment, many times on this rug. She had grown tired of her apartment. She shared it with two girlfriends whose religion was pluralistic---clothes, fraternities, and dates. They prayed a constant stream of banter to these deities.

Arnold and Avis were looking down at the circle of rug enclosed by their knees. He pressed his knees to hers. They raised their heads and looked at each other.

"We were invited to a party by Professor Dunhill." He spoke, knowing she felt like going out, doing something.

"You didn't tell me about it," she said.

"It's for eco. majors. What do you think?"

"It might be interesting," she answered.

"Alright, we'll go," Arnold said.

Avis couldn't tell whether the party was beginning, at full blast or ending. Dunhill greeted them at the door. He was in his forties. His hair lay in thin, greasy strands pushed to the sides and back. From his ears, flesh hung down a weak face, expanding to a flabby chest and paunch, and tapering to spindly legs. His suit was dark---just baggy enough to look sloppy but not enough to hide his shape. A red tie matched the back of his neck, ears and nose.

"Let's go downstairs. The party's just starting." Dunhill's voice boomed out, unnecessarily loud.

"Uh, I think you know most of the people," now his voice was low and he grinned meekly at them. He led them downstairs.

Arnold and Avis stood at the bottom of the stairs glancing around. People radiated in clusters from the middle of the room where the bar sat. The furnishings were luxurious---mostly leather and wood. The sound of the record player blended admirably with the subdued giggles and laughter. The music was a record of pale

# Avis & Arnold

by Joe Sasfy



ballads sentimentalized with twenty violins and an all-female chorus. It hung over the bar waiting to absorb, through its own weakness, any intensity which might threaten the atmosphere. The bar was superior---the center-of-attention and social catalyst. It could not be challenged.

Arnold took Avis' hand and led her through the crowd. They nodded at a few students. They could find no place to stop among the middle-aged three's and four's who smiled benignly at them. They pushed past the bar and soon were alone, leaning against the maple panelling of the far wall.

"Arnie, would you like to go to bed with her?" Avis laughed looking to his face. They had been watching a brunette, about thirty, with thin legs, wide hips, and fat breasts. Dunhill had been in constant conversation with her, leaning on one foot then the other, always jockeying for a position in front of her. They were discussing price and wage theory.

"Only in the dark," he answered with mock seriousness. He referred to the woman's face---too wide, too heavily made up, and topped with a hooked nose. Avis smiled. He always demanded the lights on, when they were in bed.

"Arnie."

"Yes."

"Arnie, where's the bathroom?"

"I don't know. Go ask Dunhill."

Avis pushed from the wall and walked over to where Dunhill stood. He was now deep in price and wage theory with the buxom brunette. He turned, looking disturbed because he had lost the flow of his polemics. He smiled when he saw it was Avis.

"Well hello, are you having a good time?" He asked, his eyes flitting over her dress and back to her face.

"Uh yes, could. . ."

"Good, it's such a happy party." Dunhill looked around at the people, nodding his head in approval.

"Could you tell me where the bathroom is?" Avis blurted it out. She felt guilty. Dunhill probably had a lot more to say about his party.

"Oh," he beamed, "well the one down here is being used. But you can use the

upstairs, second door on the left."

"Thank you," Avis smiled. She walked to the stairs. Dunhill's eyes followed the shifting flesh under the black, cocktail dress. He turned back to the brunette.

"I think we were beginning the British austerity program," he began.

Avis returned a few minutes later. She hurried over to Arnold. He had been eating all the expensive cheese he could find.

"Arnie, they have a lot of pills up there," she said.

"Like what?" He asked. Cracker crumbs fell from his lips.

"Everything a teacher could possibly have," she answered. She brushed the rest of the crumbs off his mouth.

"You go back up. I'll be there in a minute. I'll knock twice."

Avis hurried off. She was giggling a little. She was happy they had found something to do.

Two knocks and he was inside. It was a large bathroom with the tub, sink, toilet, and cabinet at one end. The rest of the room had a floor-length mirror and was covered with a pink, fluff rug. Arnold pulled back the door of the medicine cabinet.

"Dunhill really is supplied," his voice was soft with awe. Rows of bottles---intermingled with gauze, bandages, tape, eye droppers, and tweezers---filled the three shelves. They recognized most of the pills. There were bennies, dexedrine, barbituates, and seconal. A whole array of ups and downs lay in the cabinet, even a bottle of paregoric.

"What will we take home with us?" Avis asked.

"Anything that says federally prohibited without prescription." Arnold joked. She knew he was serious.

He started stuffing pills into his sports jacket. Arnold didn't take more than half from each bottle. Avis supervised.

"Some of these," she pointed to the seconal, "and some, no, no, a lot of those. Her hand grabbed the bottle of dexedrine capsules. They both laughed as the bottles were shuffled off the shelves and back on. Avis pushed the cabinet door closed. They were still excited.

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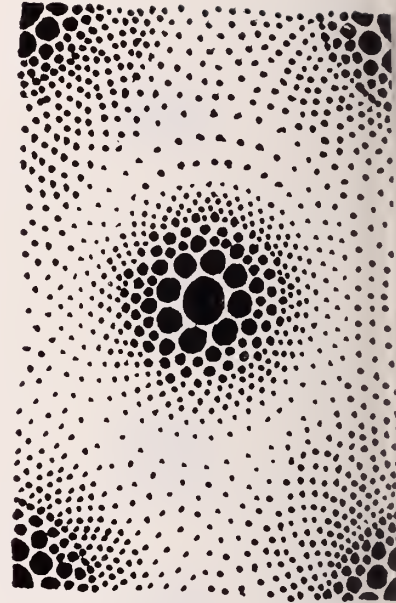
# IN M E M O R I U M



## PROLOGUE

(the budding Greek)  
emasculatation by a blackened head atop a serpent coiled neck--  
but still, "I'm sorry," the quote of invert "y"  
rattles around the rugged gore that  
tells of names that nevermore  
will use the valentine to swab the feces-plastered deck;  
climb the ceiling's chalky stare, take its dare;  
throw the fish another man,  
let him die, hear him cry,  
crying to a silent night;  
watch my life's geometry  
become a blur within an ethylalkied harmony,  
as poorly sintered symphonies  
promote a stream of bitter blasphemies;  
the chimney sweep collects his dime,  
I pay the price of thinking  
but find the loophole in my sinking  
beneath the sea of icy mixer,

an elixer for the crime of killing time;  
she stares across the warping bar--  
her eyes above her glass communicate the lies for which I quest;  
but it's too late and I'm too far to learn the rest--  
her fingers caress my mind  
my throat fills with burning sand,  
I try to smile  
as all the while  
she drowns beneath the sea of sarcasm;  
the cliché runs its well worn course  
as the noose is tightened around me by the beastly night--  
I put up no fight,  
I cannot flee from such a source of screaming might--  
it leaves me no time to thank it  
for the blanket of peace that posed release  
from all the crassness of my classes  
filled with asses professorial--  
I jump from bed to find the floor is gone,



as down I fall, on and on--  
deja vu rears its ugly head -- or is it presque vu  
with all its deadly connotations?  
aberrations, no less than life, belie my reservations,  
as down I fall,  
a fall to end in untold, manyfold years;  
I lose my fears and all the tears I cried for you--  
a hedgehog mind, a woman's body;  
the peel fine, the insides shoddy--

#### EPILOGUE

I walk down the sunbaked street  
and meet a dog lying dead at my feet--  
it's so still, a statue on its side, without a will,  
I kick it over to find that life still reigns--  
white ambrosia--maggots,  
eating out the pussy yellow flesh and sucking up the greasy juices  
of hereditied generations of myriad uses;

life passes on as do my thoughts--  
I dream of fights I never fought  
and all the sensuous nights I sought--  
dreams--  
a cesspool mind with gutter nerves  
retches out its filth upon her golden skin--  
will she also hate the discipline  
that always wins  
and kills the minds that will not serve  
as willing slaves?  
dreams--  
the watchman finds that I'm a fake,  
then gapes a liquid smile  
and rapes my head  
with a flying spike of lead that  
tears the tangle of nerves that serves  
my body to a sticky smear--  
the bastards scream their cheer,  
as my brains and fear pour out like pussy cream and stale beer.  
yes--a welcome dream.  
can you find within my mind a single feeling that is kind?  
strip the rind to bear the stains --  
I kill her brain, I try to train her to my ways;  
she learns she cannot stay within my scene;  
I should have foreseen the petty thoughts that come between--  
but then she's gone;  
there's nothing left but memories that make me scream  
within the dream that was;  
a nightmare fire of ineptitude that's left me now in solitude--  
I hear the sound,  
I look around and face myself,  
lower than the rest, eyes looking inward,  
avoiding any test--  
I take my place, I run the race--  
it seems there's nothing left but dreams,  
yes -- welcome dreams. . . .

Everyday, Nachman, my nephew, brings my ha-Zeman promptly at four-thirty. I know, because Mrs. Polchek throws out her dinner dish water past my window at the same time. "Uncle Zalman," he says, "an old man like you shouldn't walk up and down five flights just for a newspaper." Nachman thinks he's in my will. "Please, Uncle Zalman," he says, "let me buy you some chicken livers. Please, let me wash your feet. Let me rub your back." Let me do this. Let me do that. Fe! The boy's mindless.

Just yesterday, he came running into my room so excited he forgot to kiss the mezuzah.

"Nachman, you schlemiel," I said, "you don't kiss mezuzahs no more? What's

# The Counsellor

by Si Skolnik

a matter? Since you work for Wallowski, the furrier, you forgot all your Yeshiva training."

"But, Uncle," he said, "war's been declared! Russia is going to fight Germany! All of Vilna's being mobilized. Me and Gershon are going to volunteer with Captain Levi at the Jewish Defense Society. By next month, the Kaiser will be on his knees!"

The prophet was actually smiling.

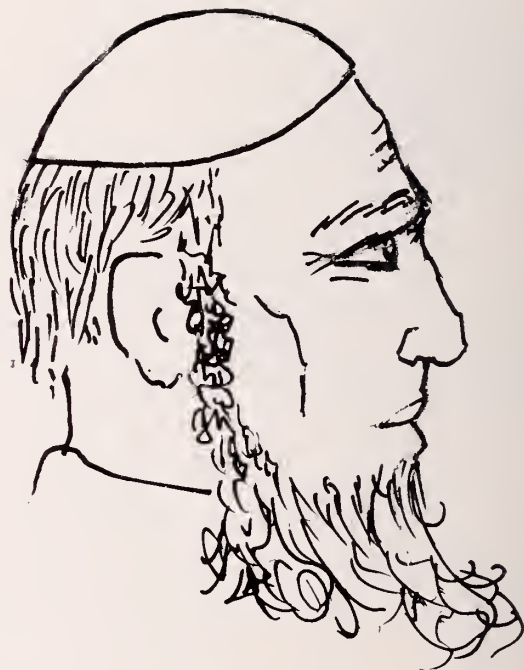
"Oy gevalt!" I said, What else could I say?

"Uncle," he said, "what's the matter? I tell you, us Litvaks, alone, could take care of Germany."

Listen to that. Take care of Germany, he said. The only son of my beloved sister Rachel, and look. As much sense as a butcher's mistress.

"Nachman, my boy," I said, "come closer and look at me. How old am I?"

"Why, you were sixty-two last May,"



he said. "But, Uncle, I don't understand. . ."

"Be quiet," I said. "For you to understand anything would be a blessing. But no matter, just listen. Nachman, I know what you're thinking. The glory of war. Fighting for what is right. But you must see that to die for Russia is not to die for what you believe in, but only for what the Czar wants."

"Now, Uncle," he said, "I. . ."

"Be quiet," I said. "Look who I ask about understanding! Sit down. I'm going to tell a story that maybe even you could understand."

Proverbs says: Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit. I tell you, what could a young cocker like him really know about life? So I told him about Vitupsk.

"When I was as young as you, Nachman, I too believed in flowers and spring. At that time our family lived in Vitupsk, a small village two days ride south of

Volozhin. My father drove a lumber wagon for Berele Ludnick, the rich Jew in town, and so we ate. Never anything big. Maybe chicken one day, chicken soup the next.

"On my eighteenth birthday, I was going to study at the Ben Yistkak Yeshiva here in Vilna. Cities, I knew nothing about. Garbage in the streets and greedy shopkeepers, I'd never seen. So to me, Vilna was a place where a young man could become someone.

"On the morning of my birthday, after saying my prayers, I went into the kitchen looking for something to eat. There my mother stood by the stove. She was a simple woman, but a good cook. 'Momma,' I said, 'what have you got for me to eat?' 'Oy, Zalman,' she said, 'as if I'm not doing enough. How many times does a mother make a feast for a Czar? Here, take some bread and herring and give me a little rest.' So I left and went outside to sit on our front steps. I saw

Continued on Page 32



outside,  
the air runs like a  
threatened animal,  
tearing itsself on  
trees.

- John North

It's my blood  
It's my blood

slapped on walls!

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

To slide back  
to a

beginning  
and vomit through teeth  
The first cup of wine  
that kissed both bladders  
A supersonic piss in farewell au revours  
And danke-shanned deutsche-like down

gutters

Is a necessary self-pitying un-identifying  
Schizoid tale of bloody superegos  
ragged on recognition . . . .

*" I'z sorrie master  
I'z truly sorrie  
Bu dem damn wiesals  
Lev'me no wok  
Wha do I do, master?  
Wha do I do. . ."*

I.

The rail man  
shoved me  
off  
fast and

There, spread  
between

Two varicose vasoline seventeenth century legs  
Was Amsterdam  
locked in rain.

It's the swarmed  
uncolored cliched beginning  
dripping sogged and too clear  
that spun the great Master-Am  
(or is it Am-Master)  
canals and umbilical tramways  
into  
my eyes.

*"Mine eyes have seen  
Da comin' ov da lord, Master!"*

The streets are wet  
and packs of drug heads - -  
And you hear church bells  
from all the suffixed  
-Gracht streets or rues or strasses  
(depending on which Berlitz hung from your tongue) - -  
And you smell  
the mirror sidewalks  
Looking for Vermeer and Rembrandt  
But only tasting circumcized  
Herring stands and onion men.  
You crawl --

I saw the rain  
Saw it was good;  
Good rain holds you tight  
Like smooth diapers  
And prevents the premature

eReCtION.

# Amsterdam

# Mosquito

by Harry J. Sobel



The grand number TWO - -  
 To become the Exodus yourself  
   wrapped warmly alone  
     no desert -  
       no desire  
 For the cream filled cupcake  
   frozen since Passover.  
 Feeling no need for Plato or well Donne  
   conceits of fried Phoenix  
 I walked towards myself  
   through the Amsterdam  
 Realizing the taste of not knowing  
 The Am from the Master . . .

Kerouac and Ginsberg  
   sucking minds  
     On the Road  
 Gift wrapping  
   pleasure in miles  
 Gave-up manna  
   for the pederast  
     when they grew old.

And I too  
   on the road  
     warm and red-nosed  
       moving towards Maslow  
         and Harrad College  
 Grip links of perversity.  
 But dear lonely snake  
   left masturbating in Eden  
 It's the perversity of me

          slopping  
           back  
         towards the

        Genesis Density - -  
 And in the beginning  
   it can begin again. . . . .

You see the orange-tinted  
   nimbus dotted sky  
 And hear accordin notes  
   pricked out near cement - -  
 And blown through canal trees  
   are billions of birds

Forming two huge  
                   perpendicular  
                   P  
                   A  
                   T  
                   H  
                   S . . . . .

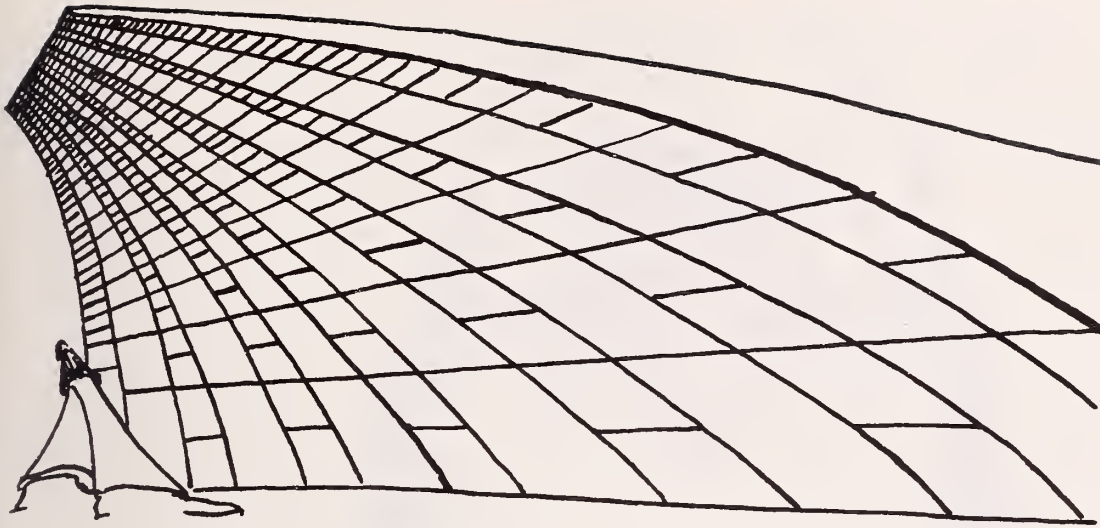
In Amsterdam,  
   alone,  
 I watched all the  
   intolerance  
 Puke-out whiskered shredded wheat  
   hoping for rain - -

*"Go down man, go down Moses,  
         Bring dem people back!"*

But is the Pharaoh  
   really breathing dust  
 On Sand City?  
 Or is he  
     fondling flesh  
     inside,  
       forcing the daily-bread holy-oil  
 Self-pitying sublimating  
     subway scum mind  
     back  
     to  
 Ego freudfucking leprosy?????

Seizing myself in Amsterdam  
   walking past miles of water  
   singing laughs at pornography  
   coughing-up Sabbath superegos  
 Blinds the cool chant of Absorption  
   from Judas creeping  
   and multiplying  
     and buzzing for flesh. . .  
     *"Master, dem fuck'n squitoes  
     Keep bitt'n da hell off  
     My ass.  
     Dem knats are always round;  
     Day ev'n bodder us niggers,  
     Master!"*

And it's the competition  
   of fondling form and function  
 In the same hand,  
 And being naked  
     and cool  
                   and moving  
 Towards all the canals  
     smashing mosquito guts  
                   with tears and sperm  
 And becoming the god washed  
     banana fruit manna bread man  
 Ready to die  
     beneath the first  
 Amsterdam,



# *Jerry*

by Bill Ramadei

The cold, gray February afternoons surrounded Jerry's dark figure as he marched along the pale white sidewalks. The wind shrieked and tossed about gusts of damp, bitter air, and the unfriendly sky, studded randomly with splashes of dark grays and blacks, glowered upon the youth.

His strong face was lined with pain and depression beneath the stubble of his three-day beard. His hazel eyes, now like rigidly set glass orbs, were red from exhaustion. His long black hair occasionally shrouded his eyes as it flew about in the wind. He drew little warmth from his faded green army surplus jacket or the tattered blue jeans pasted upon his thin legs.

The city breathed an uncommon torpor that afternoon, even though packs of shoppers chugged blindly into and out of the large department stores.

Jerry came upon a kind-looking old man at a bus stop. The man wore a long, gray herringbone overcoat and a brown hat. His black featherweight shoes were



by Charlie Martinson

Bright dancing field  
Fingers groping for the wind  
Breeze they could not catch. . .  
\* \* \*

Dad was in the yard and he was raking leaves. And I could smell the fire where he was burning them -- red, and brown, and yellow and all the colors turned to black. Autumn turned to cinders and all that was left to that beauty was the lingering odor. That, and the persimmons that covered the ground and squashed under your feet, between your toes.

The leaves were best on the trees. The wind blew them, the sun lit them, until they danced and glowed on the branches like a thousand happy children. But the persimmons were good on the ground. You were only conscious of them when they fell off the trees and you felt those lumps under your feet. You could pick them up and throw them. You could throw them on trees and then they burst, their juices splashed on the bark.

I left the yard and went to the woods

and I saw Dad still although I was quite far from him because the woods were only small trees and the leaves were on the ground now and the limbs were bare.

I couldn't walk far in the woods because it wasn't big and other yards surrounded it. But if you knew the woods and how to use the room you had it was always the best place to go. If you knew those woods you could walk all day along different paths and never be bored. You had to be in a certain mood. You had to be tired of the backyard and the driveway and street where you played ball or the playground where you rode bikes. Those were places where you played games with others and shouted with friends and there was space and things were open. The woods were different. There it was quiet and things were close.

It was getting dark and I was almost ready to go back anyway when Dad called me.

I came out of the woods and I thought I'd cut through the Johnson's yard. It's

closer that way. I saw Dad. He was raking the last load of leaves into that dirty and tattered tarp. The fire would be out now because it was getting dark and I knew he would tie up the tarp and take those last leaves tomorrow to be burned. I saw the green picket fence and I know I'm getting bigger because it comes to my shoulders now and it used to be over my head.

When I climbed over the wall of Mrs. Johnson's garden I tried to jump but I slipped. It's an old wall of stone and it's loose in places. That's probably why I slipped and hit my leg right below the knee. It didn't hurt much and when I got up I kept on running towards the house. But then I saw Dad as he turned around on his knees after tying the tarp. And then he asked me what happened. I didn't know what he meant and then I looked at my leg. It was gashed and bleeding. The blood ran down to my ankle. And it didn't hurt it really didn't but I stopped and sat down and looked at it. Then I couldn't help it but I started to cry. And I cried until he touched me.

To stumble in a meadow of great  
golden shafts  
Of virgin blades of grass  
Which the wind runs in currents,  
meadow waves  
Splash against my naked legs

\* \* \*

On his way to church he thought of the nuns. He thought of their blackness which frightened him and of their pink faces and pink hands darting nervously in front of them or held so tightly clasped in their laps that the knuckles turned white. Was there forgiveness in those human shadows? Peter thought about this and worried about the First Confession he would make today before Sister Agnes and the other black nuns and Father Livigni and God.

Sister Agnes had said the heart aches for God and when a person goes to confession he accepts God into his heart and the soul is purified. She wore spectacles that made her eyes look large and eager and asked Peter questions about the blessed trinity and why God

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Before the Bath

by Renie Garlick

courtesy of the Holsinger Gallery

came to earth. The questions had answers that were in the catechism that Sister Agnes had given Peter and told him to read. The catechism was small and blue and white with a picture of the Holy Ghost on the paper cover and sometimes Peter didn't read it. He did not understand it all, though he believed that what Sister Agnes said was all right, and he thought it was good to learn how to bring God into your heart. Yet, when Peter reached the church he began to worry again that today on his First Confession God would not receive him -- that Father Livigni when he heard the sins that Peter must confess would tell the Lord that the boy was not worthy of His grace.

Father Livigni was the pastor of St. Paul's. He frightened Peter more than the black nuns did because he had grey eyebrows that were very bushy and came together when his brow was wrinkled and made his eyes look very deep and dark. Eyes that Peter couldn't see; eyes not like Sister Agnes' eyes behind the spectacles. Sister Agnes' eyes were never still and they never looked at Peter but at his catechism or at her hands clenched in her lap. But with Father Livigni the boy never knew where the eyes in their dark hollows looked but he always felt the pastor's stare. In the dimly lit church Father Livigni would say to Peter: "We are making you ready to receive God" and "We are all his children, Peter, learning to love." The boy thought it was strange: to learn to love. And when he talked with Father Livigni he became unhappy and he sometimes wondered if this was because of Sin or if it was the old pastor who made him sad.

Peter thought of the pictures of Jesus in the catechism. Did people really know what Jesus looked like or did they just make pictures of the way they wanted Him to look? And then he thought himself what Jesus might look like. Would He have a white robe and eyes that were sad but kind, and arms held out to welcome people and talk with them? Then Peter thought of the rhyme in the catechism

God is good  
God is great  
His son to earth  
Our sins to take

And at the same time he thought of the ditty that schoolchildren like himself would sometimes unthinkingly recite at noon-time while they played

God gives grace  
And sends to Heaven  
Those who pray  
And their sins tell

But those who sin  
And never say  
Are cursed by Him  
And sent to Hell

Now Sister Agnes was taking him to the church from the rectory building and she was in front of him and walking fast, her black robes swaying with her quick short steps. When Peter entered the church he heard a coin drop in the poor box and then saw a shaft of light fall across the church as the door of the front entrance

it seems as if i've stood  
with the sun and wind  
a thousand times before

staring at the backyard hardwood maple  
garrett mountain picnics  
sunburn days at jersey's shore  
a raft in crestwood lake  
an april weekend in ohio  
a cemetary in hohokus

it is never the same  
today they play with my shadow  
as it moves along the cliff's head  
drops into the abyss and rises  
to crest the trees and then disappear  
before the land unfolds into meadows

Rudolph Koch

opened and closed behind the depositor. Then he felt cold because it was very dark and very big in the church and the touch of the holy water to his forehead was cold too.

The church was almost empty but there were some people praying in front of the altar and two ladies sitting in a pew at the back. And all the people looked so still and silent that he was afraid to walk because he knew it would make noise and there was no other noise. Sister Agnes motioned for him to come and when he followed her every step he took brought the small metal piece in the heel of his shoe clack-clacking against the stone church floor.

As he walked around the pew towards the confessional he saw an old lady he had not noticed before. She wore a light blue scarf with frill edges and she had many long wrinkles in her face and thin lines around her mouth so that it was shriveled into a permanently puckered appearance. This expression gave her a pleading look as she mouthed the words of silent prayer. With her elbows propped

on the back of the pew in front of her she held rosary beads coiled serpentine around her fingers.

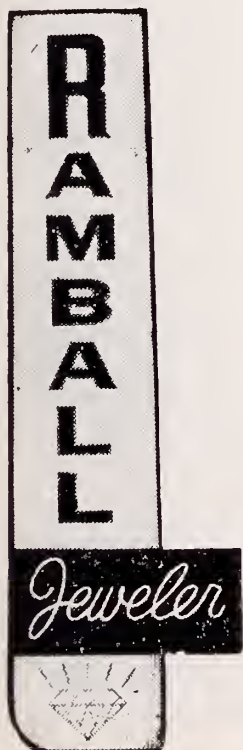
Sister Agnes was holding the door of the confessional open for him and so he went in and knelt down. Peter heard the slow grating of the window in the pastor's cubicle and he saw on the other side of the screen the dark eye sockets and thick grey eyebrows as Father Livigni bent forward to hear his confession.

Bless me father for I have sinned.

And then it was over and his penance was done and the sacrament won.

He went to bed that night with the same nagging regret that he had felt in the church. When he climbed under the covers and pulled the heavy, white crochet bedspread up to his chin he prayed. And he went to sleep happy. God had finally smiled and said yes Peter, I forgive you. And Peter knew that he would.

Behind each window-pane turned yellow  
With the stench of man's frustration  
Lies an empty room,  
Shouts of rage reduced to bitter sighs,  
To cry and not know why.



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# Gramps

Go on, old man, cry!  
Remember the time when life was young,  
When it curled around your every step  
And muzzled the scream of a year's  
passing --  
The ticking of the clock is clear now. . .

You can cry now, old man,  
For the times when softly stealing night  
Caused no fear in your heart  
And darkness was but an interlude to  
light --  
The television is your constant companion  
now. . .

You should cry now, old man  
And think of the times when the nuptial  
bed  
Was cat-eyed passion in the dark  
And raging paws clawed you in pain-  
pleasure --  
Now, a bed-warmer, a hand-holder, a  
maid. . .

Why don't you cry now, old man?  
For the purring of an old model T  
And six children hugging your neck,  
Screaming for the love and favor of  
"Dad" --  
They carry you now with love-tears. . .

Can you cry now, old man?  
For the bouncing steps of a grandson  
Who never saw you old 'til now  
And will never see you old again --  
Soon enough, his bouncing steps will be  
a hobble. . .

Please cry, old man!  
From your wooden box of mahogany  
In the middle of myriad flowers  
Sent by cat eyes and huggers-of-necks  
and bouncing steps--  
My god, why won't you cry and take a  
breath?  
I feel your life leaking from my anguish. . .  
Please. . .



# *Pyrrha*

a version after Horace, by  
Paul V. Guilfoyle

Ah Pyrrha, what new coast will your  
storm waves ravage?  
anxious the sailors at sea await your  
arrival  
unaware of your savage fury  
the nervous weathermen try to track  
your course  
exasperated by your wild fickleness.

One who has delved in many ocean streams  
I swam in your calm warm waters  
daily was I dipping diving delighting  
in your smooth waves  
ecstatic in this daily ritual  
unaware of the change  
I was tossed caught in a reckless undertow  
engulfed  
unconscious washed on the shore.

Recipient of gentle mercy grateful  
I watch you move down the coast  
enticing youthful swimmers with your  
grace  
your foamy fingertips caress the sands of  
the beach  
while the thunder of your power  
echoes off the rocks.



SEPT. 14, 1948



SEPT. 14, 1970

## Return to Eden

by John Abernethy

We moved in darkness across the moon  
That like an infuriated gaze is cast upon  
some

Disgusting ant.

We traveled for some ancient land  
That was lost long ago in terror and storm.  
Sensuous weeds wave in our path -

Like a champion, we trample them under,  
Conquering a curse that has long prevailed.  
Disgusting ant we know so much more,  
We'll figure life by ourselves, you'll see.  
So keep your place, you little ant.

Miles we walk not knowing where  
But we must make it there before that ant.  
Some wicked thoughts cross our mind  
A desire for the taste of fruit once more,  
That holds all the knowledge of life and  
death-

With that knowledge we could all be gods.  
Tangling brush, web that clutches us  
Breeching our superiority.

How disgusting that little ant can be  
That moves so swiftly in our paths.

# Actors & Lovers

by David L. Keller

## I. Actors

On stage the actor plays a tyrant;  
Words of blood and fire pour forth  
From reddened face and crown-topped  
head.  
The sceptered hand makes regal motion;  
The throne decrees the masses dead.

Peasants cry in fearful voices;  
Hands and eyes implore compassion;  
Performance meant to touch his soul.  
Ignoring script, the actor yields;  
Fulfills through love a kingly role.

## II. Lovers

Pale, nameless lovers lay silent together;  
Asleep and insensible, each to the other.  
Families forgotten and children ignored,  
Forsaking their roles when hopelessly  
bored.

They reached out for passion, it died;  
The hands were too sterile that tried,  
Feeling only the touch of their cold,  
naked skin;  
No kingdoms to rule, when no love lies  
within.

# Fountain Hill

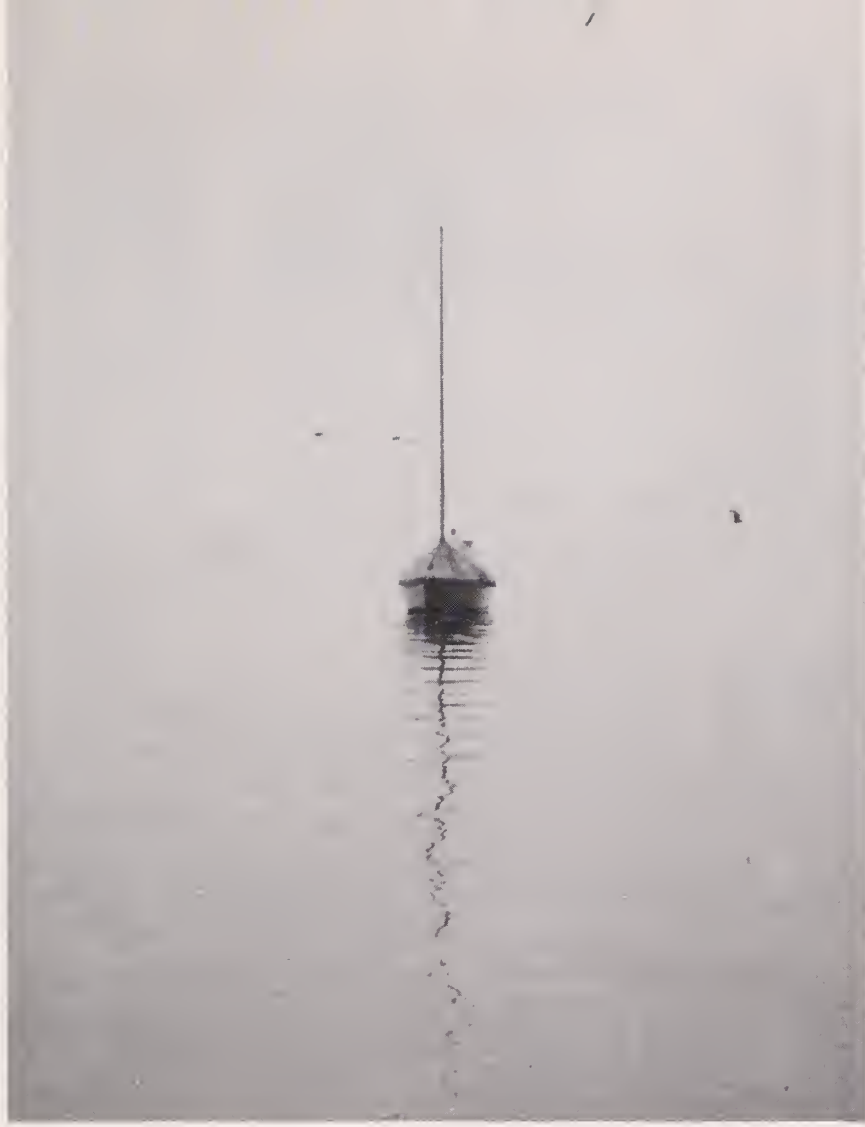
by John Beutler

up a steep gravel slope  
to a chain at the top  
a graveyard to the right my  
engine dies  
VFW flags flutter over the headstones  
and the hum of steel  
is in the valley below

a softball backstop in a leafbare clearing  
someone has been killing skeet  
here broken birds broken beer  
bottles broken fragments

a cold sun and a lookout boulder peer over  
the drop-off to the valley  
eagle peak -- heliport to the sun  
and windclouds

back to the car  
the key turns  
the car starts  
down into the valley



by Boyd Cass

Two deer explore a dark green forest  
at dusk  
two lovers in a car  
a gently caressed pedal

A twig snaps  
One deer bounds onto the road  
And contemplates a yellow line

A brown blur and a thud  
The last breath a pink vapor

A drop of blood, warm with fear  
or passion  
dots the windshield

and warm breasts, meant for milk  
feed blood to a hungry night

## Avis & Arnold

"Arnie."

"Yes?"

"Arnie, will you screw me?"

"Now?"

"Arnie, screw me now."

Avis and Arnold reached for each other. Their four hands moved inside and outside to the buckles, buttons, zippers, and clasps. Avis' dress slid to a heap at her feet. Arnold reached down and tossed the dress into the bathtub. He stood up; his pants fell down. Avis tossed them into the bathtub. Now their hands were quicker; they filled the bathtub with the smaller, white things. Arnold was stripped and only Avis' lemon-colored panties remained. He had given them to her for Christmas. Arnold reached for her, but she stepped back demurely. She paused a second watching him. She pulled the underpants to her knees; they slipped to her feet. She picked them up and dangled them before his eyes. Arnold grabbed them, tried to say something but got only a hoarse whisper, and leaned over the bathtub. He crowned the mound of clothes.

They faced each other. Arnold all brown-haired. Avis all silk and blonde-

haired. Both of them were pink and moist. Her eyes flashed. She turned, back to Arnold, and sank to the floor, her belly was down and perfect rear up. Arnold lowered to all fours, crawling forward over her. He gasped and squirmed forward--Avis impaled and pushing back. Arnold fastened himself to her back by reaching under to hold each breast in his hand like tactile anchors. He gasped and squirmed further forward--Avis impaled, heavy-breathed, and pushing up and back. Outside they were almost frozen, just quivering. Inside it was full gallop. Arnold finally released anchor and fell back on his rear. Avis remained on her stomach for a moment. Then she rolled on her back to see Arnold's face, red and expressionless.

"Arnie."

"Yes?"

"I have to use the toilet."

"I thought you went before."

"Nope, when I saw the pills I got excited and forgot all about it."

He dressed quickly. Avis watched, nude, and chuckling. She waved goodbye as he left.

When Avis returned downstairs, a wide ring of people had formed around Dunhill. She walked to where Arnold stood in the

circle.

"What's going on?" She asked.

"It's one of those body contact games," Arnold answered.

Dunhill unfolded a large sheet of plastic and laid it on the rug. The plastic was divided into red, yellow, and green squares.

"Now one couple stands at each end of the sheet," he began to explain the game. "I'll spin the dial," he raised it in his hand, "and read its command. You have to put the proper hand or foot in the colored square I name." Dunhill moved to one end of the sheet, handing the dial to a student. "Right hand in blue," the boy read. Dunhill dropped to all fours, putting his right hand in the closest blue square.

"Remember," Dunhill said, "only one hand or foot in a square. All right, spin the dial."

"Left foot in yellow," the student said.

Dunhill grunted, shifting his weight so his foot could move to a yellow square. His right hand remained in the blue. He got up, puffing, and the crowd broke into happy applause.

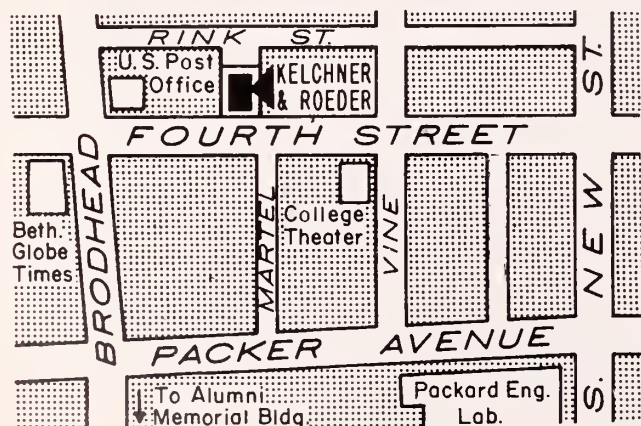
"Alright," he grinned raising his hands in appreciation, "we need two couples."

A graduate student volunteered himself and his date. The girl, an undergraduate,

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protested, but he whispered something in her ear and she finally nodded.

"We're ready," he said anxiously.

With a little urging from the crowd, an older couple, perhaps forty, agreed to play. The couples took their positions.

"Left hand in green," Dunhill shouted. The couples dropped to their knees, each getting a hand in a green square. "Right foot in blue." Now they were entangling, reaching over one another, fighting for the same square. Everyone was laughing. After a few more calls, the crowd was hysterical. The players, now found in every configuration, were embarrassed. The graduate student had his groin pushed against the older lady's neck. She was grinning, nervously awaiting the next call. Their clothes were pulled out of shape, stretched against their unusual forms. A girdle and bra strap were exposed. Dunhill handed the dial to a colleague and walked over to Arnold and Avis.

"Would you like to go next?" He asked.

"No thanks, we were getting ready to leave. We're pretty tired," Arnold explained. Avis' gaze had been frozen by the nervous contact of the couples on the floor and the crowds' hysteria. When Arnold took her hand, she turned and smiled at the two men.

"I'll walk you to the door," Dunhill said. He led them upstairs, stopping at the top.

"You kids should stay a while longer. It's Saturday. You should have some fun."

"You're probably right," Arnold said. "Thanks for everything." Dunhill held the door open. He smiled at Avis as she walked out. She tried to look at him gratefully. Outside it was clean and brisk.

Arnold and Avis hadn't discussed graduate school since they sent in their applications. They had agreed not to make any commitments until they both received replies. It was Friday, two months later, when Avis received her acceptance to graduate school. Saturday morning, Avis sat across from Arnold on the rug. She wore blue jeans and one of Arnold's undershirts. He was still in his pajamas. They turned sideways to watch the cartoons on TV. Arnold laughed at the bad guys---they suffered explosions, crushing weights, and tremendous falls. Avis giggled at the animal heroes-- dogs, cats, and mice that were resolutely human in their sense of justice and dignity. Arnold got up and went to check the mail. He returned with a letter and walked into the kitchen. He sat at the table. Avis came in and sat opposite him. Outside snow had begun to lower itself to the ground. Some was collecting on the

window's edge.

"I'm accepted," Arnold looked up from the letter smiling.

"Good," she beamed. "Should we go or not?" Avis tapped the window---the snow fell off the pane where she hit it.

"I don't know. I think we should. It's something to do." His voice trailed off with each statement.

"I agree," Avis said.

"Alright, we'll go," Arnold said.

Avis continued tapping the window, until she realized Arnold was waiting for her reassurance.

"We can type the letters tomorrow telling them we'll go." Arnold stood as soon as she finished talking.

"Let's watch TV or something," he said. She followed him into the living room.

The cartoons rambled into one another---Bullwinkle, Sylvester, and the others interrupted by the excited voice of some forty year old man preaching cereal and toys. Arnold and Avis watched the progression of heroes and villains in silence. Avis was glancing to the window every few seconds, as the snow kept dropping. Arnold began unthreading the blue strands from the rug.

"These cartoons are getting more and more senseless," Avis spoke plaintively.

"You're right," Arnold nodded and got up. "I'll turn them off."

After he flicked off the knob, he walked to the couch and sat down, leaving Avis on the floor. He leaned over, twisting the blue fibers from the rug. He balled them up and tossed them back down. Suddenly Arnold got up and took his original position on the rug.

"Avis, do you remember that guy Eric?" He began. "He was in a couple of my classes last semester."

"I think I saw you talking to him once," she answered.

"He had a part-time job in that little restaurant in the shopping plaza. He said the owner, some real old guy, leaves his day's receipts in the desk in the kitchen. Eric said that if I ever needed money I could climb in the window near the back door."

"Is the window always open?" She asked leaning closer to Arnold.

"That's what he said. It leads into the kitchen. There's nobody, no cops or anything, in the plaza after one." He concluded his details by putting his hands on her knees. She laid her hands over his.

"We could get some sleep now and get up this evening so we won't be tired," Avis said. Arnold nodded agreement. She

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stood up. Arnold stopped pulling the blue thread of the rug, already half out.

The highway running past the shopping plaza was empty at three in the morning. Arnold's 1965 Rambler cut through the snow which was swirling on and off the road. It would dance in front of the car, form a line, then disperse to reorganize somewhere else. Avis had put on a brown, suede coat over her undershirt. She wore moccasins and an Indian headband. She had told Arnold they were raiding the settlement. But when she asked him to where her other headband, he had insisted on his own stocking cap. The car approached the plaza---a large horseshoe-shaped array of small shops with a large department store and supermarket at each end. The restaurant was at the center of the horseshoe. Arnold drove past the supermarket. He took a left down the alley running behind the plaza. He parked at the bend in the alley, where the restaurant would be. A kitchen entrance sign was lit by Arnold's headlights. To the right of it was the window.

They got out of the car and hurried over to the window. Arnold put on his gloves and pushed the wooden frame up. It opened. He turned to Avis.

"You wait in the car. When you see me coming, start the engine and open the other door." The crystals of snow were catching in the wool in Arnold's cap. Avis smiled and went back to the car. The heat inside the car melted the snow on her face.

The bottom of the ledge came to Arnold's neck. He jumped up---first his head, then his torso, and finally his legs disappeared in the dark insides of the kitchen. He took out his flashlight and turned slowly. The circle of light moved over a counter, a collection of pots and pans, a dishwasher and a desk. He hurried over to the desk. He was perspiring freely from the kitchen's warmth. Drops of sweat were falling on the blotter on top of the desk. He pulled the drawer open. A wad of bills, bound by a rubber band, lay in a pencil box. He took the bundle and hurried back to the window. Avis saw his head appear, then his whole body perched on the window for an instant. She started the engine. Arnold leaped off, skidded halfway to the car, and hopped in. She gunned the engine---the wheels wouldn't catch. Arnold released the emergency break and they sped off.

Arnold and Avis walked into the kitchen shedding their overcoats. They threw them on the table. Arnold dropped the

money next to the coats and walked into the living room. He turned on the TV without sound and sat crosslegged on the rug. Avis laid her headband next to the money and removed her moccasins. Her toes were pink. She went to Arnold, sitting in his lap. She wrapped her legs around his back and arms around his neck. The TV cast the room in a weak, blue glaze, brighter than darker. Avis was cold. She tried to flatten her chest against Arnold, pulling his face forward. They rocked slowly, side to side. Avis could see the snow listlessly dropping. She wondered when it would stop. In the spring for certain. But then there would be long, hard rains, and later---the heat and leaves. Little chills went tiptoeing up her back. She leaned sideways, so they toppled to the floor. She wanted to see his face, not the window anymore.

## JERRY

Con't from Page 5

creased with age, but shiny. His drawn cheeks were bright red. Jerry's mouth opened -- ready to form friendly words -- but closed submissively as the old man looked up and brusquely turned away.

Exhaustion showed on Jerry's face as he resumed his march. He felt fenced-in by the frowning gaze of the sleek skyscrapers. Once, Jerry stopped, craned his neck uncomfortably and saw a window washer suspended dangerously high above,

hugging the sheer walls of a tall building, sloshing soapy water on a window. He thought of the silly picture the man made to the doctor or lawyer on the other side of the window.

Lured by the beckoning solitude of a remote side street, Jerry ventured into its shadows. He was almost oblivious of the stench of the strewn garbage and the crunching sound of glass beneath his feet. From behind curtains and from dilapidated porches, dull eyes riveted upon his slowly moving form. A crunching snap disturbed his benumbed peace. Resounding thuds mixed with curses, grunts, whines, and feet shuffling along littered ground followed the initial ghastly noise. His interest whetted, Jerry hurried on cautiously. Farther ahead between the confining space of two sagging wooden tenements, he saw four teenagers flailing at one another with arms, legs, and sticks. Fists crunched solidly against nose and cheekbone. Thick-heeled boots rose, plunged, and ground relentlessly into the groin of one fallen boy. Jerry trembled as he heard the sharp crack of a stubby block of wood landing wickedly upon another boy's skull. Jerry's first impulse was to run into the pounding jumble of bodies, but the thought of: "Then what?" froze him to his position of non-involvement. He thought again of trying to help--felt his stomach tighten -- and ran away as fast as his awkward boots would allow him to go. Tears formed in his eyes as he ran, explaining to himself: "There were four. . .fair fight. . .they might have

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turned on me. . ." Suddenly, feeling foolish and ashamed, he halted and then dejectedly began walking slowly.

Finally reaching the large city street from where he had first entered that insular hell, Jerry found his previous route and continued along it. He still felt fear and shame. He glanced up only once to see an ambulance driver yawn as his vehicle flashed by in a blur of green and white. . .the red roof-light blinking a circular path. . .the piercing siren screaming frantically. A strange chill grabbed his spine as he watched the vehicle weave its way through the suddenly motionless line of automobiles.

It was nearly dusk when Jerry found himself in the city's night life district. After gobbling down a greasy hamburger, he bought a Coke to kill the aftertaste in his mouth, and continued walking in the dirty night air. The flashing of pink, blue, and green neon lights stabbing the blackness lent a circus-like feeling to the crowded atmosphere of the bustling theatre section. Pompous women, jabbering giddily, strutted like trained animals, their long gowns rustling and their icy jewelry tinkling. They all clung foolishly to the arms of their escorts, who waddled like penguins in their slick tuxedos -- their heads bent curiously to share in the shadowed conversation. Hordes of such couples paraded by, smiling widely with feigned intellectual interest.

Feeling tired and strangely frustrated, Jerry entered a coffee house. A young, sweet-voiced folksinger was featured that

night. Jerry didn't mind the dirty floor, Jerry.

the squeaky wooden chairs, or the round tables mellowed with ring-shaped coffee stains. The scent of the smoky overcrowded room filled his nostrils as he watched the artist sit herself on a stool and tune her twelve-stringed guitar. He listened politely to her first few songs, but enjoyed more her long, shining black hair which sensually draped her face as she sang softly with head to one side and eyes closed. He loved the soft curves of her white bosom which rested modestly above the low neck of her red, sleeveless blouse. He admired the rhythm of her small foot as it tapped out the beat of her songs.

The girl sang of love, life, and pain. She sang as if she knew them all. Jerry thought her enchanting green eyes were searching for something, yearning for something. When she met Jerry's gaze, he thought she was singing to him:

"Snowflake drifting to rain. . ." her voice brought Jerry into a soft, secret world. His arms folded and his legs stretched as he slouched comfortably in his seat, Jerry returned her meaningful look and felt the touch of a smile. She nodded to him and continued with a gentle tribute to Joni Mitchell:

"It's life's illusions I recall. . ."

Between songs, the girl spoke of her children, and vividly described the beauty of awakening in a tent on a dewy fall morning. She laughed and talked within the cone of red light which the spotlight showered on her. She cares, thought

The sparkling artist was well received by the approving crowd. Jerry watched her exit at the end of her act -- the last trickle of applause trailing the aura of sincerity she breathed.

Jerry walked more easily as he started his journey home. His mind was filled with images of the little singer and the mood she had created. As Jerry playfully skirted around a corner, a red truck dropped a stack of newspapers to be delivered the following morning. The bottom right-hand corner of the black and white maze of print carried a terse article about a window-washer who had fallen to his death a few hours earlier.

Love milk complexion  
Blue stars reflection  
Nice nature creation

Kiss shy seduction  
Lip-tip elation  
Love friend relation

Doorknob, doorknob  
Must just you go so far  
Slip in and lock,  
Spin clicky clock,  
Then back before you are.

Doorknob, doorknob  
You're locked in your job.

Karl Saks

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# The Counsellor

C ontinued from Page 10

Ruvrim Kofman walk his sheep down past the synagogue. Peshka Mugenstein, her long black hair pinched above her head, was carrying pitchers toward the stream. Peshka looked at me for a moment, but the foolish girl would always know nothing but Vitupsk. I sat back against the railing, licking my fingers, as she went by. A few minutes later, my best friend, Reuben Butsky, came down the dirt street carrying a basket of twigs on his back.

"Reuben was more like you, Nachman. Poor Reuben. Always with a crooked smile, the kind that made you think he was holding back a mouthful of noodles, the boy looked at the world with a flush on his face. And what crazy thoughts we had. Each story we told the people was more impossible than the last. First we would be the rich men of Vitupsk. We would live in Ludnick's house and be the master of his servants. My mother would laugh and say - 'Tell that to Reb Ludnick's son, Mendel, and see what he'll do. Maybe a log over your head will put sense into it.' Then, we thought, that wasn't good enough for us. We would go to Vilna and become the two greatest scholars since Rabbi Elijah. When the Rabbi heard this, he would frown. But being the equal of such a great man as the Gaon didn't satisfy us. No, we would go all the way to Moscow and become the advisors to the Czar himself! Fe! Our stupidity was endless."

The meshugena got excited and waved his arms around. "But, Uncle," he said, "when can you dream, if not when you're young?"

I was furious, so I had to tell him. "Never!" I yelled. "I spit upon dreams! Jews can never dream. They can only suffer. We dreamt, Reuben and me. And for what? That very day, on my birthday, the Cossacks came and burned Vitupsk to the ground. They dragged old Ruvrim

Kofman through the mud and filth, and then let his sheep walk over his naked body. The murderers nailed our Rabbi to the synagogue and covered his head with the blood of swine. And Peshka, that young girl just becoming a woman, was passed from one dirty hand to the next. You ask me about dreams? Go fight for your Czar, and make your dreams! But don't ever come back here."

For once Nachman was quiet. We sat there for a few moments not saying a word. Then suddenly Mrs. Polchek threw her dinner dish water past my window. "Oy gevalt," Nachman said, "I forgot to get your newspaper. I'll be right back."

Noo, Reuben, tell me. Is it so lonely with the wind as your only friend? I want to know, because I'm growing tired. It will be wonderful to talk to you again about the days when we stole onions from Aunt Lyovka's garden.

Fe!



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# *Reminiscing on a Watertower,*

**Sunday, October 26, 1969**

by Michael Frank

Today I felt the sun lie down  
Maced by Dick Daley and his cops of brass blue  
Foaming at the mouth over chicks saying "fuck you. "  
Sunrise slept late in syphilitic Chacago town.

I was listening for daybreak the mellifluous sky  
Swinging to the morning about moondrops and lace  
When flying through that evening LSD tripping place  
Come Tinkerbelle with her mustache and the bumbling Captain Bligh.

The pleasure of their love, the skin mag so bold  
With its hair hanging down and its hand in its pants  
Said I'll have Seagrams 7 or if not I'll try Grants  
Turned me inside-out warm and outside-in cold.

As I turned to go I awoke with surprise  
Facing Nixon and Spiro black and blue U. S. A.  
Saying "where did our love go?" as they stowed it away  
And mumbling to the doorknob with sleep in their eyes.

Coming down I said sunset what's happened to me  
As I climbed rung-by-rung I let out a scream  
From the chocolate watertower Sunday marshmallow nut supreme  
Are my eyes going bad can I believe what I see?

Beckoning through the moonlight where love's shadows abound  
Was it something I'd lost. . . or something I've found?



